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(Continued.)

"Oh, all right, Jimmy," she said listlessly. "I'll make them, if you like." "You'd better," remarked that worthy sentimentally. "Of course," he added, seeking to mollify his victim, over whom he thus domineered, "it ain't just like it is back home on the stove, but you'll have to get used to that, because we're going to live here forever. And," he added, casting a glance of his stern blue eyes upon her, "it is the part of the captive maid over to live happily with the chief of the pirate band."

Whereupon Helena and Jimmy both looked up and saw me standing, unwilling listener to all that had been said. Helena moved away and pretended to be busy with the material for her confections. "Aw, shucks, Black Bart," said Jimmy, turning to me, "ain't that just like a woman? They won't never play the game."

L'Olonnois the next morning, with the intimacy of kin and the admiration of youth and with youth's lack of tact, saluted Helena gayly. "Gee, auntie," said he at table on the sand, "tugged out that way, all them glittering gems, you shore look fit for a pirate's bride!"

Poor Helena! She blushed red to the hair, and I fear I did not best myself. "Jimmy!" removed Aunt Lucinda. "Don't call me Jimmy!" rejoined that hopeful. "My name is L'Olonnois, the scourge of the sea. Me and Jean Lafitte, we follow Black Bart the Avenger to the Spanish main. Auntie, pass me the bacon, please. I'm just about starved."

Mrs. Danvers, as was her custom, ate a very substantial breakfast. Even now, almost dead, she had a much taste for food. In some way our constraint insensibly extended to all the party, much to L'Olonnois' disgust. "It's her fault!" I overheard him say to his mate. "Women can't play no games. And we was having such a bully chance! Now, look, we won't stay here longer! I'll take it to get things back to the boat again. I don't want to go back home. I'd rather be a pirate, and so on a fellow."

"Sure he would," assented Jean. They did not see me behind the tent. "Something's wrong," began L'Olonnois portentously.

"What'd you guess?" queried Lafitte. "Looks to me like it was something between him and the fair captive." "That's just it—that's just what I said. Now, if Black Bart lets his whiskers grow and Auntie Helena wears them rings ain't it just like in the book? Course it is! But here they go; don't eat nothing, don't talk none to nobody."

"I'll tell you what!" began Lafitte. "Uh-huh, what?" demanded L'Olonnois.

"A great wrong has been done our brave leader by yon heartless jade—that's what!" "You betcher life they has. He's on the square, and look what he's done for us. Look how he managed things all the way down to here. Anybody else couldn't have got away with this. Anybody else'd never 'n' went out there last night after John. Just a Chinik, that a-way. And here!"

Jimmy's disapproval of his auntie, as thus expressed, was extreme. I was now about to step away, but feared detection, so unwillingly heard on. "But he can't see no one else but you sickle jade," commented Jean Lafitte. "Unworthy as she is of a bold chief's regard!"

"None. That's what's going to make all the trouble. I'll tell you what!" "What?" "We'll have to fix it up somehow." "How'd you mean?" "Why, reason it out with 'em both." Jean apparently shook his head or had some look of dubiousness, for L'Olonnois went on.

"We gotta do it somehow. If we don't we'll about have to go back home, and who wants to go back home from a good old desert island like this here? So now—" "Uh, huh?" "Why, I'll tell you now. You see, I got some pull with her—the fair captive. She used to lick me, but she don't dast to try it on here on a desert island, so I got some pull. And like enough you could talk it over with Black Bart."



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"Keep hush!" the lighthouse keeper commanded.

looks? Not that I blame you if you do not. But has the boat brought down any milk or eggs that you can spare?"

"No milk—no haig!" muttered the light tender, and they would have closed the door.

to Morgan City or wherever you go and to pass the time of day with you as friends should. What's wrong? Do you think us a government revenue boat and are you smuggling stuff from Cuba through the light here?"

"We no make any smuggling," replied the keeper. "But we know you, who you been?"

CHAPTER XXI.  
In Which I Find Two Estimable Friends.

HE smote now upon an open newspaper, whose wrapper still lay on the floor. I glanced, and this time I saw a half page out of the Belle Helene herself, together with portraits of myself, Mrs. Danvers, Miss Emory and two wholly imaginary and fearsome boys who very likely were made up from newspaper portraits of the James brothers. Moreover, my hasty glance caught sight of a line of large letters reading, "Ten Thousand Dollars Reward!"

"Peterson," said I calmly, handing him the paper, "they seem to be after us and to value us rather high." He glanced, his eyes eager, but Peterson, while a professional doubter, was personally a man of whose loyalty and whose courage I myself had not the slightest doubt.

"Let em come!" said he. "We're on our own way and about our own business and outside the three mile zone. Let 'em follow us on the high seas if they like. She's sound as a bell, Mr. Harry, and once we get her docked and her port shaft straight there's nothing can touch her on the gulf. Let 'em come!"

"But we can't dock here, my good Peterson."

"Well, we can beat 'em with one engine and one screw. Besides, what have we done?"

"Hain't you was hrobber, han rón hof with those sheep?" demanded the keeper excitedly.

"No, we are not ship thieves, but gentlemen, my friend," I answered, suddenly catching at his long gun and setting it behind me. "You might let that go off," I explained. At which he went yellow than ever, a thing I had thought impossible.

"No, look here," said I. "Suppose we are robbers, pirates, what you like, and suppose a price is put on our heads—a price which means a jolly nice libel suit for each paper printing it, by the way, or a jolly nice apology—none the less, we are a strong hand and without fear either of the law or of you. Here you are alone, and not a sail is in sight. We could blow you out of the water, couldn't we—we and these ruffians of our crew?" and I pointed at the two low browed pictures of Lafitte and L'Olonnois.

A shudder was my only answer. I think the two portraits of my young bullies did the business.

"Very well, then," I resumed; "it is plain, messieurs, that there is many a slip between the reward and the pocket, voyez vous? Bient But here—and I thrust a hand into my pocket—" is a reward much closer home and far easier to attain."

Their eyes bulged as they saw two or three thousand dollars in big bills smoothed out.

"Ecoutez, messieurs!" said I. "Behold here not enemies, but men of like mind. I speak of men who live by the sea, men of the old home of Jean Lafitte, that great merchant, that bold soldier, who did so much to save his country at the battle. Even now he has thousands of friends and hundreds of relatives in this land. You yourself, I doubt not, messieurs, are distant cousins of Jean Lafitte? Nest-ce pas?"

They crossed themselves, but murmured "Bout!" "Est ce la vrai? How did monsieur know?" asked the tender.

"I know many things. I know that any cousin descended from those brave days loves the sea and its ways more than he loves the law. And if money has come easy—as this did—what harm if a cousin should take the price of a ratkin or two and carry out a letter or so to the railway and keep a close mouth about it as well? To the good old days and messieurs, my friends!"

I had seen the back of a stack in Peterson's pocket, and now I took it forth, unscrewed the top and passed it, with two bills of \$100 each.

They poured, grined and handed the flask—not the bills—back to Peterson and me.

"Merci, mes amis!" said I. "And I drink to Jean Lafitte and the old days! Perhaps you may buy a mass for your cousin's soul?"

"Ees, non!" answered the keeper. "Ees soul she's bout purgatoire long ago, eef she'll goin' get bout. Me, I buy me some for Jimmy."

"An' me, two hapert more lan' for my farm," quoth the tender.

## Fall in Birth Rate Alarms British Press

London, Sept. 17.—The recent returns on the British infant birth and death rate are characterized as "distinctly alarming" by the London Lancet.

The continued fall in the birth rate, which has now reached the lowest level heretofore recorded, may have many explanations, "but the factor of the deliberate limitation of families, whether from provident or selfish motives can no longer be ignored."

The Lancet says that there has never been a time in England that employment has been so easy to obtain and so much money distributed among the poor through the government and women's separation allowances, yet these very facts may have contributed to the increased infant mortality rate since they have given idle mothers more money to spend on drink.

Epidemic disease is another factor in raising the rate, owing to the death of doctors and nurses now engaged in military hospitals.

As for the deliberate limitation of births, not only the middle and upper classes, but the working class in late years are held to blame. Even the reports about the great numbers of war babies seem now to have been largely baseless.

## INTERNATIONAL EGG LAYING CONTEST

The big surprise in the forty-fifth week of the laying contest at Storrs was the fact that the hens laid only 16 eggs less than for the preceding week and relatively 643 more than for the corresponding week a year ago, the total recorded for all pens being 3,194 eggs. Tom Barron's pen of English Leghorns were first for the week with 49 eggs. H. F. Deming's Rhode Island Reds from Winsted, and N. W. Hendry's Hens from New Haven tied for second with 48 eggs each. P. G. Platt's Leghorns from Wallingford, Pa., were third with a field of 46 eggs for the same period.

The Storrs Station's squab pens made an excellent showing for the week, the Barred Rocks laying 50 eggs, the White Leghorns 47, and the White Wyandottes 46.

As the competition nears its close the remarkable differences in the productivity of hens are being demonstrated. The 100 hens in the ten best pens have to date averaged a little over 14½ dozen eggs each, worth about \$4.35. The 100 hens in the ten poorest pens have laid to date only eight dozen eggs each, worth about \$2.40.

In selecting pullets for this winter's layers it has been previously pointed out that consideration should be given to those birds that have grown rapidly and well and to those that show quality as indicated by a soft pliable skin over the breast bone and abdominal cavity. In addition to these two considerations quality is further indicated by the texture of the head parts. The comb and wattles should not only be well developed but should have a nice smooth velvety texture. A fourth consideration in selecting the prospective layer is that of capacity. A hen in action needs lots of room, that is to say, room for the digestive and reproductive organs. Such capacity is indicated by good width between the pelvic bones and also good width between these and the rear end of the keel.

The 10 leading pens to date are as follows:

Tom Barron, Catforth, near Preston, England, White Leghorns ..... 1824  
P. M. Peasley, Cheshire, White Leghorns ..... 1805  
Windweep Farm, Redding, Ridge, White Leghorns ..... 1794  
Hillview Poultry Farm, St. Albans, Vt., Rhode Island Reds ..... 1788  
Ed Cam, Houghton, near Preston, England, White Wyandottes ..... 1760  
A. P. Robinson, Calverton, N. Y., White Leghorns ..... 1750  
Tom Barron, Catforth, England, H White Leghorns ..... 1738  
N. W. Hendry, New Haven, White Leghorns ..... 1692  
Brantford Farm, Groton, White Leghorns ..... 1662  
P. G. Platt, Wallingford, Pa., White Leghorns ..... 1658

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## SPECIAL SALE OF FURNITURE JOHN RECK & SON.

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## MUST FILE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1915

FAILURE to do so will compel the Assessors to make out such list from the best information obtainable, to which a penalty of ten per cent will be added as by the law required. Each parcel of real estate must be described by metes and bounds; by street number or lot number; all buildings thereon must be entered separately from the land.

FAILURE TO FILE A LIST deprives the owner of the right to appeal to the BOARD OF RELIEF. Hours 9 A. M. to 12 P. M. daily. Saturdays 9 A. M. to 12 P. M.

BOARD OF ASSESSORS, Bridgeport, Conn., August 26, 1915. L28 59

## 1915 Fall Time Table BRIDGEPORT & PORT JEFFERSON STEAMBOAT CO. Commencing Sept. 8th

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## State of Connecticut Treasury Department.

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on

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Bridgeport lays taxes on all property owned by residents on September 1st, of each year. All residents of this City can pay a tax of four mills on the dollar on bonds, notes or other choses in action and exempt them from the much larger local tax, but this must be done BEFORE September 1st. Enquire of your banker or write to STATE TREASURER, at Hartford, about this.

## A HEAVY PENALTY

is fixed for avoiding this tax by a law passed by the last General Assembly. A copy of the law will be mailed to any one writing for it. Money in Bank is taxable.

F. S. CHAMBERLAIN,  
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